"Some Elizabethans"

– An Essay –

– by –

– Virginia Woolf –

Some Elizabethans

There are few things more delightful than to go back, by book or by crook, into the reign of Queen Elizabeth; & yet few adventures are attended with greater ~~[illegible]~~ risk; to a reader ~~If the reader~~ wishes to that it is easy think that he understands the Elizabethans, ~~that is today~~, ~~in the sense that he understands~~ the ~~Victorians or the~~ [illegible] [illegible] much more apt to be puzzled by them than [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. ~~Their prose, the [illegible]~~, is to ~~tumble~~ headlong into their ~~prose~~, ~~Probably~~ the poetry is much easier to understand than the prose.

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is
addressed
clearly by
the
speaking
voice
to the
very
ear;

Yet Elizabethan prose, as this is one of its chief delights,
was by no means a good medium for preserving trifles.
~~It~~ It sweeps, & curves, & mounts; piles metaphor on
metaphor; ~~[illegible]~~ resounds, denounces, celebrates in
awful tones the horrors of death & the ~~delig~~
loveliness of Spring; but when it has to deal
with ~~those~~ facts, ~~that when for example he has to~~
~~write a letter he is as as Mr Wells said of~~
~~Henry James like an Elephant picking up a pea.~~
we are reminded of an ~~the~~ Elephant ~~who~~, as Mr Wells
said of Henry James, ~~[illegible]~~ to picking up a pea.
Therefore if we go to the Elizabethan prose writers,
to give us the sober daily truth about their time,
as we should go to any one of our own memoir
writers or journalists & to many of our novelists,
we are baffled, ~~if~~ if enchanted. What we ask
was the life of the ordinary man & woman in the time of Donne &
Shakespeare — ~~how can we imagine~~ for if it is
tempting sometimes to ~~leave the~~ explore the little
dark / streets, the crowded alleys, that ~~surround~~
lie about ~~those~~ the prominent
how can we fill in the background which must have
lain ~~been so familiar to the~~ been so close, so
~~familiar~~ up round so substantial to those great figures whom

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we now isolate. providing them with the
common air, jostling & provide the splendid
figures whom we see now so prominently with
~~air~~, What was ~~the~~ the common air of the time;
what ~~was a street like~~, how did ~~they~~ talk & dress &
lain about those splendid figures whom we now see in
tremendous isolation? Naturally, ~~nobody of~~
~~complete obscurity then lost~~ the complete

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above the
Station of
country
Dealer in
the village
of
Saffron
Walden

ordinary man or woman has perished beyond recall. He
was considerably further from his pen & inkpot than
his modern representative; & to reach print must have
possessed qualities which ~~set him still further~~
made him no true representative of the common stock.
Still if we take the son of a rope maker, ~~in~~ whose
Gifts, though sufficient to send him to Cambridge,
never succeeded in qualifying him to be ~~becoming~~ the professor or the poet
or the public servant ~~that he should have been~~, —
if we rummage among the letters & pamphlets of
Gabriel Harvey, we are at any rate leaving the
high road & adventuring among lanes, across
country, & where we ~~should~~ meet with humble country people,
~~taking their ale~~, milkmaids; undergraduates,
journalists, ballad sellers, ~~& women~~, innkeepers &
the rest — may surprise them going about their
duties. ~~in complete ignorance that~~ without a
thought that they could see Shakespeare if they
~~chose, or Ben Jonson~~, could stop Shakespeare in the
street if they chose, or take a seat in the tavern
where ~~Marlowe~~ Ben Jonson was, as we
suppose,

In 1577 whatever

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~~some~~ successful man, such as haunt the outskirts of famous gatherings, & set down notes in pocket books, or scribble comments in the margins of other mens folios — such a man as Gabriel Harvey for example, the friend of Sidney the friend of Spenser, who might have been a great man himself; & yet was not; who almost achieved office & ~~fame &~~ prosperity, but ~~petered out into a long~~ for some reason failed of both, & dwindled out his days serving pills to the yokels in Saffron Walden, where his father had ~~been~~ made ropes ~~maker~~ before him. If we rummage among the letters & ~~pamphlets & marginal~~ notes of Gabriel Harvey we shall at any rate leave the high road, & adventure across country & perhaps fall in with humble people, milkmaids Journalists, ~~for~~ innkeepers & the rest & surprise them going about their ways without a thought that they are living in the heyday of the Elizabethan renaissance, & could if they chose stop Shakespeare in the street & ask him what he meant by Hamlet.

On New Years ~~Eves~~ Eve about 1575 Gabriel Harvey then a fellow of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge was riding to Cambridge when he overtook a countryman whom he had seen at his father ~~known to him~~ in Walden; ~~who gave him a letter~~ who had a letter for him from whom apparently from his sister Mercy. At least, it was addressed to him but the address proved to be a ruse; by which she had instructed her lover to write to her in secret. What could be more upsetting to an ambitious young man with his way to make in the world,

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& the letter was of a nature to upset an ambitious ~~yet~~ &
~~conventional~~ young man, with his way to make in the world,
1 cautious no doubt of the lowness of his birth, much
concerned for ~~his~~ the respectability of his family, ~~for~~ &
~~whom he had a great affection~~ genuinely fond of them —
for it ~~proved that a young~~ nobleman was courting his
sister began "Mine owne sweet Mercy", — was
157 a very "amorous & glosing discourse", touched upon her
sudden departure, her speedy return, pleasure taken in
reading her letters, & possession of her according to
promise. Then was signed "Phil"; & besides,
wrapped up in the letter was a coin; — "a fair
English crown, appointed as should appear for a
new year's gift."

Mercy Harvey at that time aged of 17 or 18 was a milk maid from In the winter
of 1574 she was milking in the fields about a mile near Saffron Walden when a
stranger came up to her; offered her malmsey & cakes & gloves: &
~~three or four~~ days later an enameled ring & a ribbon. strange companion
wh- they ate in a wood, with a poor woman, who,
144 ~~going~~ left them to pick up sticks & then
the man began his suit, which was on his master's
behalf; for his master who was a great nobleman,
had been bowling one day, & Mercy's hat had blown off,
& she had somewhat changed her colour. In short he had
fallen in love with her, & set more store by her than by his So the
own wife for he was a married man.
suit was pressed on her. A silk girdle & a
handsome pair of gloves were given her; an
enameled ring with the posie "Jon Jamye"
which the Lord had taken from his own hat, though
& was given him by his Aunt, Lady W —
& he promised that if only she would do his will

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She should be made independent of all her friends & should be kept in luxury. Mercy still held out. She was but a milk maid & a plain country wench. The servant marvelled at her, & swore that if she were his own sister he would counsel her to yield. Whereto she knew not well what to say. Would she at least consent to see him? But how could she speak to so great a Lord? At last she agreed to meet him at her father's house in the evening. & on ~~the~~ ~~But weekend~~ evil night that was that week it was a misty & foggy night. when the Lord & his servant came over to Saffron Walden. ~~But~~ They looked in the malthouse; ~~they~~ there were her mother & sister; they looked in the parlour – there were her brothers. Peeping & spying as greedily as they could, they could not see her ~~&~~ & so took themselves off, "well mired & wearied for their labour" in the misty & foggy night. Charged with misleading them & perhaps with mocking them, Mercy got out of it as well as she could & promised to write a letter. The servant came for the letter & it was not finished. He came next day, & she would not see him. By the third day she had written a letter which ~~as Gabriel Harvey transcribed it~~, which was a credit to her chastity & her scholarship: "I have heard my father say" she wrote, "Virginity is ~~the~~ ye fairest flower in a maid's garden, & chastity ye richest dowry a poor wench can have". 147

Again he wrote pressing her to yield, & again she replied "Chastity, they say, is like unto time, which, being once lost, can no more be recovered." "It is no show of chastity, ~~but~~ as your Lordship imagine, but chastity indeed, that I care for." Upon which the Lord

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sent her a small gold ring from his own finger.
Common politeness required a letter of thanks. Had he
not "lost once a journey yourself ~~on~~ in a misty
foggy evening to speak with me", "Good Lord,"
she exclaimed, "that you should thus seek after so
bare & country stuff abroad, that have so costly &
courtly wares at home" For what would
150 happen of the yielded? "And then were I,
poor wench, cast up for hawks meat, to mine
own utter undoing, & my friends exceeding
grief". To this of course Lord Surrey replied,
& Mercy tried to break off with a few words.
which run into a ~~x~~ jingle of rhyme.

What, then; but put up my pen,
And pray God amend you?
An that be cruelty too, I know not what to do,
But pray God send you . .

But as Mercy observed in the same letter,
"'Tis not ink & paper, your man tells me,
that can content Milord"! One more, on the Thursday before Xmas day
P. the servant came to press that his master might
see her in person. She agreed to see him on
Sunday. at a neighbours house. He was very.
there at the appointed time. Mercy came in to
the little parlour. found him "in his doublet &
hose, his points untrust, & his shirt lying
152 out round about him." And after a short
salutation & a two or three kisses wd. needs
have laid ye maid on ye bed". But Mercy
had foreseen this emergency & had arranged with
the good wife of the house that if she heard
anything – & Mercy bad him 'fie for shame' in a
loud voice doubtless, she was to ~~knock~~ go out into

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the street & knock at her own front door with a message that she was sent for. The young Lord fell to swearing, but Mercy ~~presented that she~~ & prayed Mercy 'very instantly to yield unto him" but she was obdurate & broke away in spite of his protestations "Good M, Good M, & God confound me, God confound me, if thou wants while I have it!" He swore that he would be true to her, use her ~~ab~~ as his wife, have to do with no other, but only her as his wife. And then he put his hand in his pocket & pulled out at a venture ~~all~~ what money he had, which he made her finger 'whether she would or no'! Mercy replied that she had, she thanked God, enough to serve her turn, & needed no money of his, & ~~so~~ go would needs be gone. However he still pressed her, & to get rid of him, Mercy took the money & after much further pressing – only ~~as~~ as she said to be rid of him at that time, promised to meet him in the same place on Sunday next which was Christmas Eve.

13/ in fetters & Shelley's

Christmas Eve was a pouring wet day. Rain & snow fell together & ~~so~~ "suddenly there arose great waters"! In spite of this, Mercy got up in the small hours, & before six o'clock took a journey of seven miles off, so as to be safely out of Lord Surrey's way if he came in the evening. All day it poured, so that Lord Surrey himself could not come but the servant P. came, in pattens because of the wet, to the appointed house. There they told him that Mercy Harvey had gone to a friend to make merry but would be back again by New Year. But on

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the Thursday before new years day, Mercy wrote ~~not a letter, but~~ another of her jingling rhymes to Lord Surrey:

[The truth is, I am not mine owne maid,
My friends to disobey I am afraid.

You see I am disposed to rhyme
Though it be clean out of time.

~~In prose she continued,~~

Truly I was sent for to spend this good time
A few miles off with a kinsman of mine
Whither my father in haste would so fain
have me go,
That I could not nor durst not for my life
say no.

In prose she continued, - that if Lord Surrey wished to write to her again, on any subject, he might safely do so by ~~addressing~~ ~~giving~~ sending ~~them~~ his letter to the poor woman's home, & addressing ~~them~~ the letter in a fe~~igned hand~~ "small ragged secretary hand" "To my loving brother, Mr G. H., one of ye fellows of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge." It would then be brought to her by a simple fellow ~~th~~ who did not know how to read, & if it were ~~discovered~~, handed her in company she could say that it was merely a letter she had written to her brother Gabriel, which, as he had come ~~back~~ home before he got it, she had now received back unopened. Lord Surrey needed no pressing. He kept the bearer of Mercy's letter waiting while he wrote ~~an~~ that a letter, full of protestations of love, & vows "to Mine own sweet Mercy" so full of protestation of love, & allurement & persuasion, & alike of very amorous & glosing discourse; in which he

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possession of her according to promise" which fell into
Gabriel's hands on the road to Cambridge & filled him
with astonishment & apprehension. He had indeed
157 full much ado to "dissemble my sudden fancies, &
compromitt my inward passions". ~~The simple~~
~~poor honest fellow~~ He ~~replied with~~ the He did
jested with the poor ~~poor fellow,~~ & the messenger,
seeing that Gabriel had read the letter & got ~~the~~ He
made as if to keep both letter & token. But ~~at~~ that the
poor fellow protested. ~~Mercy he said~~ "~~would~~
"Marie God, sir, quoth he, "I would not for ye best
coat to my back you should serve me so."
He demanded back both the letter & the token, in
order that he might deliver them over to Mercy, for
if he did not "your sister, I dare swear, would
trust me ~~the~~ ye worse as long as she did know me"
At last Gabriel consented, but charged the messenger
to tell Mercy in his name "to look ere she leap!
She may pick out ye English of it herself."
So the poor honest fellow took the letter & the noble, &
said he would do Gabriel's bidding an God will
within this few hours. ~~All this~~ ~~poor~~ Phil
Gabriel then proceeded to write ~~thus~~ to ~~Lord Surrey~~,
whom he seems to have identified without difficulty
with Lord Surrey, ~~must~~ telling him ~~that~~ how he
had the letter & had read it, & then continuing
that though it was written in her Ladyships name,
158 it was sent not from you, as I take it, but in
your L. name" ~~The warning~~.
~~Now Lord Surrey received this.~~ Lord Surrey
no doubt took the hint; Mercy presumably never
met him in the house down the street again. Some
time later at least Gabriel was applying to a

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Lady Smith of Audley End whether she would receive into her house a sister of his as servant. Having a special regard & brotherly consideration for my sister's welfare, promising that "you shall have a diligent, & trusty, & tractable maiden of her, besides such service as she is able to do in sewing, & the like qualities requisite in a maid." So instead of being Lord Surrey's mistress Mercy Harvey it seems likely, became in the end Lady Smith's maid.

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Mercy Harvey, Gabriel's sister, ~~was~~

Sure enough, as we turn the pages of Gabriel's letter book, we come upon the ~~figure~~ story of his sister who was a milk maid.
She was milking with an old woman in the fields ~~about a mile~~ near from Saffron Walden one winter day in 1574 when a man came up & offered her cakes & malmsey. They ate together in a wood, & when the woman had gone to pick up sticks, the man — P. he is called — broached his errand. The phrase somewhat changed the colour. Once he said Mercy's hat had blown off & he made a nobleman, who was hunting nearby had seen & fallen in love with her.
~~Soon he~~ In a day or two the man came again, with presents — a silk girdle, a pair of gloves, & an enamel ring which, P. said, the nobleman had worn for his own part, though it had been given him by his aunt the Lady W. ~~Mercy protested.~~
The man admired her, & he wd. have added his own suit to his.
But Mercy protested: what had a poor milk maid to offer a great lord..? However she consented at length to a meeting, & one night in the fog & mist, Lord. Surrey — for he was a noble lord — came to Saffron Walden, & knocked on at the malthouse: ..

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For example there is the story of Meg, Gabriel's sister, the milkmaid & her lover Lord Jerry. She tells her story, for Gabriel got possession of her letter, in writing of simplicity & a melody that make it full of suggestion & atmosphere. We see her milking in the fields in winter; we see the old woman picking up sticks. We see the treacherous servant pressing her master's suit, with [illegible] making a ribbon & a ring [illegible] from her master's hat. Again, we see the ~~[illegible] very [illegible] foggy night~~, in the hard [illegible]: the [illegible] peeping in at the milkroom window [illegible] & [illegible] again & finding only her mother & sister; ~~then~~ a [illegible] in the parlour. We see Meg meeting him in the goodwoman's house up the stairs alone at night "The hand . . . ." And then we see the Lord [illegible] & comforting her when she starts up. Cries out & a knock comes to say Meg is wanted. And then we see Lord Jerry emptying his pockets of money — 15/ & nearly the girl finger the coins & take them. And then we see her [illegible] in the [illegible] & [illegible] early & [illegible], to walk so as to be away [illegible] the village when [illegible] to come again. Most vividly of all, we see that [illegible] nineteen years [illegible] Gabriel [illegible] riding to Cambridge [illegible] overtaking a simple countryman, whom he had seen in his father's house. And after a little gossip the man reveals, unasked, [illegible] given up a letter, addressed to [illegible] in his sister's hand. It is broken open, & what [illegible] cannot but find that [illegible] the address is a ruse: the letter is a [illegible] love letter to Meg from [illegible], [illegible] humbly [illegible]: her sister has promised, [illegible], to give him all her [illegible]: & an [illegible] is wrapped up in the bag. Back goes the [illegible] man to St Walden, with the letter, but the message "Tell her to look in the bag. She may [illegible] with [illegible] yet likely". And Meg, who might have been Lord Jerry's mother, becomes instead a maid to Lady [illegible] such a [illegible] end.

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that though all this is vivid & beautiful, like a sudden spring in clouds of [illegible],

~~But it must be confessed that, though~~ what obstacles lie between us & ~~any~~ ~~[illegible]~~ that far away scene, in the fields at Saffron Walden! Here is Mercy the milk maid ~~writing~~ a letter to her lover which for natural Her language to her lover is full of melody & courtliness; is natural it has a natural swing & volume, as gets on, as if this milk maid, were a mistress of metaphor & [illegible], & could bear herself like a lady of birth & breeding, so far as words went; words indeed break, as naturally as a horse breaks from walking to a canter, into the jingle of rhyme. How then are we to get to terms with these strange Elizabethans — who are at once so sonorous & so petty, so large limbed & free — who hold us [illegible] with their courtly manners, & old saws, who seem to keep aloof from the vulgarities & intimacies & such colloquialisms ~~of the~~ wh. ~~are~~ we meet every day in the Divine court as if divinely unconscious of ~~all that~~ I have heard by father [illegible] . . .

Are these the words of a ~~rd~~ common milk maid? & this ~~[illegible]~~ (E) And so we go on, interrupting, to embellish & beautify ~~this~~ Even the town of Saffron Walden & the muddy country side, in which maids [illegible] & the [illegible] & get rings given them by [illegible]. & the house of the rope maker, with its carved mantelpiece.

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Such is the ~~simple~~ story of Mercy the milkmaid, & yet
~~it~~ is by ~~no means the same simple & plain sailing~~ &

Mercy Harvey was thus an ~~ex~~ ordinary Elizabethan, a girl,
whose story & the words in which she tells it have only been
preserved by chance among her brothers papers. But
~~As~~ how ~~baffling again this~~ has when we try to ~~imagine~~ &
~~the Elizabethan~~ use her words to ~~understand the~~
light up the Elizabethan background, we are met ~~with~~
by the usual perplexities. The ~~sty~~ language to her
lover has a courtliness a resonance, She was a
sager of
milkmaid — & here, ~~steeped~~ the in Elizabethan flowers &
meadows, In ~~the first place alth. it there is the~~ of the
strong Elizabethan all the ~~flowers & sweetness~~
conventional ideas suggested by the milkmaid milking,
the picturesqueness of the young Lord with the jewel in
his hat, the idea of the fog & mist of that
Elizabethan Christmas tempt us of course to make
up a fancy picture of life in Saffron Walden. But if we
such as a ~~thus add or museum~~ & ~~to~~
can resist the strong impulse to make
museum pieces, out of our reading, we are
next faced by the problem of Mercy herself.
She was a girl of seventeen or eighteen scribbling
[illegible] letters to her lover; & yet her
words have a ~~reson~~ance, an ease of bearing
that we should ~~rather associate with the~~
Carriage ~~of a~~ ~~some great lady whose training~~
~~had been among courts & courtiers~~ associate with
education, breeding, ease & luxury.
Such are the words of an Elizabethan milkmaid,
& they ma more emphasise our distance from
these strange Elizabethans — who are ~~ab~~
seem to hold on their way, aloof from

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vulgarity, courtly, large limbed & free, ~~yet~~ incapable of vulgarity,
~~yet~~ equally incapable of ~~intimacy~~ the colloquial, the
terse, the intimate. Nothing would have been easier
than for Mercy to read her lover a fine discourse upon
the nature of human life, its vicissitudes, ~~its~~ its
the loveliness of charity, the horror of hell fire; but
when it comes to dealing with the particular, the
exact; in what a predicament ~~do these~~ they find themselves!
Almost at this very season, a great court lady – the wife
of Sir Henry Sidney – had to complain to the Lord
Chamberlain of the rooms provided for her at Court.
~~She stumbles, she repeats, she~~ To state her meaning simply &
plainly was ~~[illegible]~~ beyond her. Her ~~letter~~ reads like the
~~awkward~~ ~~illiterate attempt of a girl~~ effort of a
She haggles, she niggles, she repeats herself. She ~~might have~~ h
reminds ~~us for all the~~ She wears our patience down
with her vain attempts to state in ~~her words~~ plain English that she
needs ~~a better room & the Lord Surrey must see that she~~
has it. She writes for all the world like an
illiterate peasant – ~~while, though,~~ but, give her a
large theme, let her expound upon love & life & death –
hell fire & she would doubtless put us all to shame &
~~[illegible]~~ & write a sentence or two which we should be
glad to claim for the anthologies.

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— In their arrogan ~~arrogan~~ protests, in their
hopes, in their consciousness of
inferiority —

— England, since Swan England, never
bred more honorable minds, more
adventurous hearts, more
valorous hands, or more salient
wit, than of late —

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— nothing is rebutted so contemptible,
& so basely, vilely accounted of
as whatsoever is taken for English —
in their hope for the future,
they ~~much resemble~~ show all the
sensitiveness & irascibility which in
our day puzzles us in the
Americans.

II

Gabriel Harvey, ~~as~~ he fellow of Pembroke Hall, was of course
deeply concerned with ~~this~~ the ~~question of langua~~ English language,
its ~~future~~ powers & ~~possibilities~~, & the ~~chance~~ hope that it might of
~~Course~~ in time to prove a fit vehicle for poetry. ~~It was~~
~~on that subject that~~ ~~Poetry & its future~~, ~~can~~ English poetry:
its future, ~~hexameter~~ the use of metre, the introduction of
longer words, the beautifying & raising of this despised
speech, & meagre literature to a station among the great
tongues & ~~can literatures~~ — it was of this that Harvey
talked ~~in his rooms~~ hour by hour, nightly night with ~~Spens~~ his friend; ~~in his~~ ~~& wrote to~~ [illegible]

X ~~Then~~ One is reminded of [illegible] this

~~At~~ ~~Sf~~ Edmund Spenser, ~~who in~~ & ~~it was no doubt~~
~~& to~~ If we dip into those ~~tangled discourses~~, to heated &
involved pages, ~~with their~~ ~~which~~ motley, in which the
~~meaning~~ where words seem to run ~~red~~ hot. this way & that,
~~without control or~~ until we long for some meaning
to set its stamp on them, we are dipping, ~~as far as~~
into the excited & turbulent atmosphere ~~from~~ which
~~Encompassed~~ the lay ~~about the great~~ plays & poems
of that time. We are ~~so~~ aware of the warmth, the
stress. the stir & collision of element which
~~lie~~ from which ~~spring~~, in every age, ~~new~~ poems,
novels, babble up. But if we try for a
moment to think of the Elizabethans ~~in the~~
familiarly & humanly, ~~not~~ ~~with~~ as ~~people~~ who
men ~~& women~~ to ~~whom~~ whose ~~daily life~~ ~~was a~~
~~compact of~~ a ~~gtr~~ ~~all not so curiously set upon~~
~~minds~~ were ~~filled with a thousand interests~~
~~disparate curiously set upon~~ living as we live — to
whom ~~both~~ writing plays was ~~a a natural outcome~~ of
~~a day spent in~~ only ~~one~~ ~~element in a great~~
the natural outcome of other closer, meaner, homelier

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architecture, ~~Can we~~ the old ~~smoke~~ doubts ~~blows in our faces~~ beset us. Again & again we ~~run up~~ ~~We~~ How ~~diffi~~ difficult it is to abstain from creating an ~~sham~~ Elizabethan England; an ~~like~~ whole village green with its milk maids & its Lords; ~~& its~~ taverns where hosts are roaring out oaths, ~~&~~ ~~taverns &~~ innkeepers & carriers, ~~in~~ ~~until~~ ~~or~~ a picturesque unreal ~~city~~ country, ~~of~~ ~~made~~ made of ~~stucco~~, & situated at Earls Court. & ~~to be visited~~ :

maypole

But, as we turn over Harvey's pages, something else fitfully & doubtfully emerges — the figure of a man, the outlines of a character, somebody who is not "an Elizabethan" primarily, but an interesting, complex & individual character.

When we read of Mistress Kerke, the carrier, or how "your last letter... was delivered me at mine hostesses by the fireside, being fast hedged in round about on every side with a company of honest good fellows, & at that time reasonable honest quaffers" — how difficult it is to abstain from creating a ~~stucco~~ Elizabethan England like one of those stucco cities that are set up at Earls Court with milkmaids & Lords complete!

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of the slow
& stately
fugues
sound in
their
dispute

And yet, largely because their aim was to ~~convince~~ persuade the Ear,
~~& not to~~ Harvey's writing, even his familiar letters to College
friends, ~~&~~ & to make plain ~~to that stower~~
~~if we sit down to read Harvey~~ however stimulating &
exciting ~~this~~ our first contact with ~~the~~ the raw ~~wet~~
material of ~~[illegible]~~ literature ~~or~~ & however keen our
sense of ~~the~~ his voices raised ~~debating~~ the clangour & ~~the~~ of in dispute, in ~~or~~
& theory, it has to be owned that to read Harvey's
pages methodically is ~~to be~~ ~~in search of his meaning~~ is
~~to be~~ beyond the ~~patience of~~ limits of human
patience. To repeat, to reiterate, to ~~make the~~ state
the same truism in different words, to embellish, to
illustrate to find different words for the same
thought — & that no new one & to ~~Address to~~ the
Ear ~~& not to the eye~~, ~~like an orator~~, whose sentences
~~must sound~~ ~~Even in his private letters~~, his audience
~~was clearly a~~ . ~~His words clearly were~~ ~~to~~ As he
repeats & resounds, embroiders, expatiates, presents the
same thought over & over again in different words,
the difficulty is of course that we are reading what we
should be hearing. His amplifications & illustrations
the ~~extreme slowness of his~~ his resonances &
elegant eloquences are for the ~~ear; which~~ can
~~[illegible]~~ slow & sensual Ear, which loves to dally &
over sense & luxuriate in sound; the ear, too, which
brings make home perpetually its own comment upon
the speaker's character, & bids us laugh at his
the wilful exaggeration, the characteristic gesture.
But when these discourses are laid
& provides us as he speaks with ~~a~~ something to
laugh at. Hence, when
look at, something to laugh at.

his
perpetual
repetition,

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when we come to read Harvey's diatribes against Nash, or his Delicious ~~[illegible] [illegible]~~ letters to Spenser in cold print, we get little from them, ~~but sudden bursts of amusement at their absurdity, & we cling, with a sense of~~ we can hardly make headway, & lose our sense of any definite direction. We attach too much importance to such little facts as come our way — as that a Cub was kept in Peterhouse, or that Mr Kirke was the

to the place G. came
"hobbling about huffty tuffty in his
suit of velvet.

While she was milking the cows he was studying

~~Some light of course~~ Something of his character: & circumstances is revealed in the story of his sister. She remained a milk maid while he was a fellow of his College. He proceeded to Cambridge from a The house from which he sprang was in the village street, where his father made ropes, & his mother occupied herself in the malthouse. But though ~~His~~ sister was perhaps receiving a wrong at Audley End when he came there, gorgeous in ruffs & pantofles, to ~~receive a~~ & ~~received commen~~ was noticed by Queen Elizabeth herself. Yet the gulf which education put between him & his family was bridged by the ~~fact that~~ of his obstinate his family affection. The father ~~was no ordinary ropemaker~~ who could send 3 sons to Cambridge was no ordinary ropemaker. He was a man who had ~~hardly~~ a carving of ~~carved at his craft~~ himself at his craft set above the fireplace. & sent 3 sons to Cambridge was no ordinary rope of family ~~His brothers were~~ He was proud of his brothers. & ~~Their He whose talents~~ & perhaps of his sister Mercy whose ~~face would attract~~ ~~though in that case his pride must be~~ face could lead a great nobleman to forget his honour & duty.

He was proud undoubtedly of himself. It was this pride of a self made man that made him unpopular at Cambridge & almost ~~cost~~ lost him his degree. "~~He~~ The charges brought against him that he was "arrogant & unsociable ... & in Christmas holidays wd. rather read his books by himself than play cards in company" were precisely the charges that any ambitious young man, with his way to make in the world would be likely to incur. And he had defended paradoxes against Aristotle, & had praised the puritans. So ~~He~~ his ~~strength age~~ And so, early in his life, he found himself forced, unfairly, into the position of defending his rights & extolling his merits.

the pride of

Smith
11

And the fact that ~~they were~~ he was in beyond dispute a remarkable man, gifted, it seems certain,

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with a lively, brilliant tongue, & a handsome face; with an
active ingenious mind; with an ardent curiosity about
politics & religion & the art of literature served to
make it ~~all the~~ ~~his~~ it all the stranger, & all the more
perplexing that ~~he could not succeed as other~~
success never rested in his hands. True, by dint of much
caballing he ~~easy~~ prevailed over his enemies in the
matter of the degree. He was ~~given coll~~ promoted
to high place in the University. He attended the
Queen court at Audley End & drew her notice — She
said 'he lookt something like an Italian'. But
the great office that he had hoped for never came his way.
He was neither public orator, nor Master of Trinity Hall, nor
Secretary to some great statesman. ~~Those powers~~
which ~~served him in private~~ When, coming out of his rooms,
he dressed himself up to captivate & charm, to
hold intercourse with the world at large, he seems if
Nashe's account is not purely malicious, to
have lost his head, to have have talked too much, to have
be thrust himself forward, to have tried to flirt with
Damsels & argue with men of renown. to have been so much over blown by an
affected Italian manners & ~~method~~ even the Italian accent — [illegible] tongues
in short to have be~~haved like a~~ made himself
ridiculous, & drawn down the

But in private life, in one of those rooms that
~~but of~~ where Spenser sat, & other [illegible] writers, Harvey
was taken very seriously. Harvey was
there neither ~~domineering~~ nor vain nor pedantic nor
domineering. ~~He~~ To his friends he seemed
as capable of greatness as any of them. It is
~~interest in~~ passion for literature was
Disinterested. His ~~[illegible]~~ learning profound. When he

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held forth upon English metres, & the future of English poetry
no doubt he created, for Spenser, that atmosphere of
hope & experiment, of ardent curiosity spiced with knowledge
of what has already been achieved which serves to
~~Not~~ stir the imagination & to make each fresh poem
once written seem the property of a whole band of ,
& soldiers. ~~And yet~~ " Spenser sonnet . . .
So Spenser celebrated him:

Harvey, the happy above happiest men,
I read: that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this world's stage, doest note, with critic pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition . . .

he was the critic; Spenser the Creator. ~~And~~ But
But ~~into his criticism too entered~~
to sit like a looker on, criticising, ~~[illegible]~~ was not
Harvey's wish — he longed to be active, to be heavily
potent, forcible, creative; & yet here again some
to sit fabricating theories, to sit talking further
of this nature. That is not a healthy
activity: the mind, bent to one subject, wholly
becomes warped; his own powers of creation in
literature were meagre compared with his love —
knowledge, & here again, he failed. What
we should ~~have only~~ to ~~waste~~ call him ~~giant being~~ a
failure laid him low — a fumbler, ~~abased~~, man, who
failure only spurred him to gigantic exhibitions of
make the worst of himself, ~~to~~ even if not
What we can make out from the margins of his books,
another side to his character.

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And when we come to read the notes that Harvey wrote, in a
beautiful hand, on the margins of his books, ~~we~~ ~~do~~
~~come to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~know him~~, ~~the~~ his face, the ~~expression~~ changing
~~on his face,~~ expressions on his face — ~~for~~ it is ~~the~~ ~~by~~
~~changing~~ & ~~these that we become intimate with~~ people —
& this this change of expression that we so seldom
see in the age of Queen Elizabeth — become visible.
Happily the margin even of an Elizabethan folio was
narrow; ~~not a large~~ ~~space~~; Harvey was forced to be brief;
~~most words~~ ~~&~~ ~~as his comments never~~ further his
comments are naturally ejaculations, sudden
prompt written ~~at the prompting of some~~ as some
~~sudden reflection or~~ memory, some grievance, ~~some~~
almost as if himself were talking to himself, holding
holding that dialogue about which the reading of books
so often ~~stirs up in the mind of the~~ makes a reader,
& particularly a reader who is getting on in years,
hold with himself.

~~From the margins then of Harvey's books~~ we
~~learn that~~ ~~much~~ In the margins of his books, then, we
hear Harvey talking to Harvey; & telling Harvey what
Harvey ought to do, encouraging Harvey, bidding
Harvey ~~take~~ be of good courage, ~~egging Harvey~~ on,
consoling Harvey, & ~~making~~ doing his utmost to rouse.
put this queer companion of his on the road to success.
In the first place, ~~there is~~ there was no sort of
reason ~~to~~ why a poverty & low birth should keep a
man down. Think, of the Alexander, "an
unexpert youth, a most incomparable warrior."
Think of "David, a forward stripling,
vanquished a huge Giant: think above all
of "Ye french Virago, a young wench, a

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90 A very excellent warrior with wonderful victories" —
when you have no certain present object to think upon,
think of ~~all the~~ how Joan of Arc achieved wonderful
exploits ... "Even against all hope and of possibility".
×The main . ~~For Every thing can~~ ~~All~~ be man's
fortune lies in his own hands. ~~He want~~ ~~Every thing~~ ~~There is~~
Let him
What may not an undertaken, noble man do" when ~~a~~
What virago, "a most worthy & ~~valiant jolly wench~~,
.... might their prevail ?" . also there was
Pope Joan, & Judith, & her heroical exploit upon
Holofernes. A man's fortune lies in his own hands
if he will but ~~take kindly~~ be to it. And there
spare but a little sleep — these are essential.
He remember ~~So~~ his mother used to say. "All ye speed", is in
to ye morning: q.d. my mother!" All the
practical arts, which are so much more serviceable than
writing, can be learnt speedily: ~~to~~ swordsmanship
in a day or two; riding in a day or two; shooting in a
day or two. A week will make a man
master of all three. ~~The attitude of mind~~
~~And as the were answering those~~ Had they not said
of him at Cambridge that he was unsociable & bookish?
~~Here~~ ~~the~~ for Points. Here in the margin of in his Commonplace book
he urges keenly against too much
writing "You have already plagued yourself this
way." Leave writing, which consumeth unreasonable
much time," & learn Be
active, cheerful, always busy about something, &
"rather well spoken, & tempered with quick
discretion, & reasoning" than vainly curious

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with the least spice of apparent affectation:"
~~Do not - he~~ ~~At~~ at ~~He~~ At Cambridge enemies worked in
secret ~~to do~~ against him: ~~But~~ his time was spent
in petitioning against their machination. Here, in
private, he warns himself " This one special point
of mans felicity to make the best of everything; &
88 this gross folly, ^ a vile sign of a wayward, &
froward disposition, to be oftsoones complaining
of this, or that, to small purpose. A
miserable quality to grieve a mans mind, or to
dull his lively spirits with ye doing of any other:
they be the brawlin^
friend or foe." 'But ~~stoll~~ of quarrels come;
the best way to meet ~~bear~~ ~~enemy~~ - ~~he warns~~ himself
~~is~~ brawlings railings & threatenings is by "witty, &
155 pleasant ironies.

he who was desmind,
"~~Your daily~~ Then again,
despond. downtrodden, reminds himself " "Your daily
Charge, to exercise, to laugh: to proceed boldly.
And then Eloquence, & Industry, will
155 achieve all" "No Body, without
exercise: no mind, without cheerfulness: no
Fortune, without audacity". was sent to prison
Then poverty overcame him: he was ~~reduced~~ indeed to
~~living~~ he could not pay his landladies bill at
105 Cambridge. Yet he reflects "Glad poverty, is
no poverty". And then, he has need of Stoicism:
but for hope, ye Heart would burst..
95 He beareth his misery best, that hideth it most."
And ~~people friends die~~. ~~like Spenser, die~~:
as life goes on, he reflects "The remembrance of
107 past things, will soon pass out of memory: if it-

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be not often renewed, & revived."

No doubt many of these exhortations ~~are the private~~ proceed simply from a consciousness of his own defects. Men called him surly & intolerable; when he ~~issued~~ ~~came~~ went into the world he was laughed at. The stroke went home; ~~but~~ the ~~cut~~ the margin receives Harvey's admonitions to himself the power ~~that the~~ it. ~~arrogant &~~ And yet, what emerges from Harvey's marginalia is the fact that ~~he gave men~~ had censured as he was for his pedantry, for his crabbed & surly behavior, he ~~gave~~ cherished above all a different ideal. ~~His noblest goal~~ He wanted above all to be a man of action. His heroes are ~~the~~ ~~Stukeley~~ &

198 Stukeley, Drake "winners of gold, & wearers of gold."

199. "My three curoculeis; Early rising, & spare diet, perpetual cheerfulness: for ye gaining of ~~tym~~ time, & winning of Honour."

~~And~~ But still more illuminating; still more at cross purposes with the main impression of his life, is ~~th~~ his bearing, in ~~pr~~ the privacy of his own room, towards learning. +

196) To leap out ~~of~~ your bed lustily, every morning in ye whole year, so soon as ever you first begin to awake.

+ This pedant held very queer views upon study. For one thing, he was no friend to writing — but that may have been a piece of advice to himself: what seems ~~his natural temper lies~~ in these words — but he was no enemy to reading; & yet a

146 book, he ~~said, should~~ be thought a good book He admonished himself, as a reader ~~to~~ not to devour, but to "meditated, practised, & incorporated into my body & soul."

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And yet, this painful learning, poring over, amassing of knowledge, was
false to this strange great Scholar. "The only brave way to
151 learn all things with no study, & much pleasure".
Odd though it sounds, Harvey the lean, dark man, [illegible]
[illegible] . . was the most ardent devotee of pleasure.
151 The present tense only in effect to be regarded. To
dream our life away with books were
147 Scholars, & common fools, even among the excellent,
& bravest courtiers; are yet to learn ye lesson in ye
world." Vita, militia: life is warfare.
Lively, & flourishing activity, is durable: all pensiveness, &
sloth, diseased & deadly."
In last Harvey's ideal was the apt, courteous, & lively
man of affairs: the man who had not dreamt his
life away in books, in quarrels, in questions of
art & literature, who had mixed his learning with pleasure,
& been a great figure in the life of his day. So
he reflected, alone in his study at Saffron Walden,
with the old women coming to ask him to cure the
warts & rheumatism: one

And for some reason, the texture of this complex human
being; denying one thing, & getting another,
living much in memories, & yet active; into
with his splendid memories — for he must have
told over & over the story of how Queen E. took his
for an Italian — moves us, as we are so
seldom moved, in reading the E lives. with
pity, & laughter & affection:

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But if
Thus Harvey thus held converse with himself, ~~&~~ the
wise, the urbane, the ~~ac~~ accomplished & successful
man who lurked that Harvey might have been addressed
~~the~~ his ~~two~~ partner. the man who went about
the world, & made such havoc of his gifts that
if the two could have mixed, — the Harvey that acted
& the Harvey that counselled, — ~~a~~ a ~~remarkable~~
the result would have been, ~~as Harvey~~ ~~some~~ great
remarkable. ~~But then, perhaps, the~~ And
~~Yet the~~ ~~But~~ the two were separated. ~~by some~~
~~And yet.~~ And yet, though ~~in~~ there was some
gulf between them that made them un
only able to meet upon the margins of folios, & in the pages of
commonplace books, there ~~was a~~ ~~is another~~
was ~~still the~~ we have still to account for
the fact that the ~~residue~~, the whole attitude,
the ~~essential~~ point of view, the controller &
~~Dishonour of~~ ~~of~~ the residue which is left
when the ~~per~~ we no longer hear the one
man counselling the other, & can no longer
connect the admonitory with any fact ~~in~~
particular

When Harvey was not talking to himself but was
stating impersonally, ~~the life he wished to aim~~ at —
his body, his aims we discover a very different
nature & temper from what we might have
expected, had we only his published writings before us.
~~It~~ ~~As he~~ His vision of life was of a
splendid active place. His heroes were
men of like Stukely & Drake — "winners of gold, &

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wears of the gold". His ideal was gentleness, happiness, a
life of brave deeds, & courtly phrases; of kind actions, &
cheerfulness, of liberality, high spirit, good temper, &
good fellowship. ~~But~~ Writing is mostly waste of time.
History is "but a pastime to ~~read~~ after meat." Books
147 were to be the ~~study~~. The more grinding
an artwork was the waste. "The only brave way
to learn all things with no study, & much pleasure"
Thus this lean black man was really a lover of the
who ~~lived so long~~, & thus we should do wrong to
~~to~~ them — who knows? — Harvey the scholar,
the failure, the lean, poorly clothed figure who
never left Saffron Walden, may have found his
obscurity by no means so lamentable as we
believe it. He had his ~~flower~~ garden; his
books; he ~~read; he theo~~ rode, perhaps; he
speculated curiously; — he brewed herbs with & brooded upon physic —
simple duties & pleasures &
making up potions for the village people whose father
had known him; his father. Milton, perhaps,
came to visit him. He had his memories — some,
upbraided Nash. how he had recalled, before he
~~Spenser; & his memories~~, & others smaller humbler,
of Spenser — for "The remembrance of best things
will soon pass out of memory: if they be not often
107 renewed, & revived" So that ~~if~~ then, walking
in his garden, reflecting, ~~&~~ how "the smell of the
whole rose is bad for the brain" — &

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& ~~paid~~ to Strapped-like in weapons, & learnt Fencing —

if he had suffered much -

then heaving a sigh, for "but for Hope, ye Hart would burst" — "He beareth his merry heart, that hideth it most" — then ~~he would~~ comfort & hearten himself: thus he lived on — & there although ~~wisdom proved~~ only to be an old man of 82: ~~an a forgotten,~~ poverty stricken, old man; but there ~~are~~ points to a tenable theory that he had a peaceful, even a jovial old age, there amongst his fellow people, in the parish where his uncle had milked his cows, — & was healthy beyond most of his ~~com~~ contemporaries; & busy & active & a much ~~more like a human~~ — & various & moody & full of contradictions & incoherent inconsistencies. But who knows! we ask again & again of the Ghost. But still we feel we know a little, something perhaps, about this old man. [illegible], with the

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as they
battle ~~with~~
~~the~~ with
such bitter
~~ill~~ success
~~or~~ against
~~human~~
life.

'the
obdurate
outsider -

Such is the dialogue then that we invent — &
~~how much~~ invention ~~enters in we~~ must always enters in to any
attempt to imagine another mind — ~~that we~~ between the
two Harveys, such the conflict that we feel between the
two parts of his soul. But there remains over,
some constant element ~~common to both Harveys~~ —
an ~~attitude of mind that a natural bent~~, that is
common to both Harveys & gives ~~them both to his~~
~~being his~~ a ~~common~~ them a characteristic attitude to life.
when we think of Harvey as a whole.
~~Good if we~~ try to formulate what this amounts to,
we have to ~~recognise in Harvey say that~~ ~~make our~~
endow Harvey with a ~~naturally~~ a cheerful, combative,
& ~~even~~ sociable disposition. We have to think of him as ~~a~~ a
man with a sharp ~~love of~~ sense of the ~~present moment~~.
~~value of fleeting~~ present moment — of its beauty, its
value, its transiency. ("The present tense, he notes "only to
be regarded!") ~~And~~ — a keen relish for the
pageantry ~~&~~ ~~to~~ of the body, for the glories of the eye, for
~~all~~ ~~such~~ action ~~as can be~~ which can be felt & put to the
proof in comparison with the unmaterial ~~& vague~~
~~to~~ wages & gains of book learning. ~~or~~ ~~more~~
~~book learning indeed was~~ This. ~~We have to~~
We have indeed to ~~surprise him~~ to endow him with that
discover him — there where ~~to~~ we should expect him to be
most hide bound, ~~a~~ most set up keeping ~~up~~ the rights
& a natural, unstudied, & very cavalier, way with books &
learning — a turn of the mind — which shows how gentle a
sense of letters he possessed — how rightly Spenser
honoured him — For ~~he says of learning~~ It is not a
pedant who says of reading "books must be
And again, remarks "The
meddled . . . . . .
only brave way to learn all

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For his heroes were not the dragon the worm, the seeker & proper.
No. His heroes were Plutarch's & Drake "the wonder & beauty
of the gold!" And ~~it is~~ And then he must potter out into
his garden to find some simple for the cure of the tooth ache
& the rheumatism. Old, & lonely, & impoverished. And
then, perhaps heavily how "The remembrance of past things.

& so tell once more the famous story of Elizabeth &
how she had begged him an Nathan; & then descend to
the humbler & sweeter treasures of his long life,
Spenser's friendship, Sidney's, how Milton had visited him
in his retreat. Moreover, here he was
Moreover had he not been wise, had he not been
temperate, had he not taken his old mother's
counsel? Did he not outlive all those
Greene & Nashe & Spenser & Shakespeare & Harvey.
& grow to be a very old Few were the Elizabethans who
reached the age of 85.

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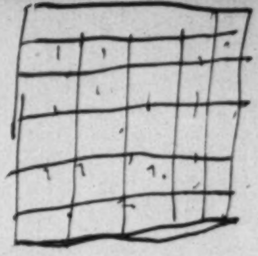

Monday:

Edgeworth
~~This day~~ ~~When~~ The other day said Mr. Peabody suggested that life could be improved by keeping a ~~Dia~~ record; & followed up his words by presenting me with a book with the days all registered — from January to December — it seemed a pity to let all that paper waste. Here is my Friday Nov. thirteenth written at the top of a blank page. Shall I then try to make Friday out of pen & ink on that blank space? And will it encourage, improve, warn & advise me as I do!

A fine morning. And the trumpets the unemployed blare down the street. Out of work as they are. Let me open the window: look at England's revolution. First come the police; their horses patiently, but rather bitterly pad along just ahead of the banner. And the revolutionaries all keep step behind. There can be little fear, it strikes me that Friday is going to see the end of any thing save perhaps our window — & that the policeman's horse will break. And the horseman; whose bayonet has been momentarily unbuckled, settle on the pavement again: how the music has

Logan Mosley

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smelled what other noise — the music of the wheels, & the
hawkers; & bullied into the usual Londoners frame of
mind, I dash out to post a letter; & ran into a
housemaid, a clerk, & a nondescript man in a
all posting letters. into the country box, into the
town box; I daresay a letter nervously: this
posting business always rouses the old complex —
~~head~~ how that's done. And does one wish it
done or undone? Once a lady I knew slightly
~~&~~ wrecked her life, all from posting a letter. She
committed herself to marry a man who,
& then wished him at Jericho. The letter stayed,
every letter posted always makes me think of the thud
of her front door, when, on the cold midnight,
she left him for ever. And so now, pines;
whats worse. complains when we were, to
finding a stream last August, she let her watch
stream through her fingers. And that's life, the
reed — gone. ~~it.~~ To this I could really
say nothing; & never ~~could~~ I tell anyone. And did
not stop there. The calamities of those who have posted
letters —

~~Old~~ ~~R~~ Down the street paced towards me
Reginald Taylor — came paced to him, walk
with me as far as the turn — delighting in
the company of that very simple ~~minded man~~; in how
woman; whose sad fate it is never, to have seen above the
many million years,
Daily duty of scrubbing their Kenneth —

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Parlour optician shop — A dry day. I mind. For when God sends
a dry day, the labours are lessened. And we are all
footsteps to her. A ~~dog~~ Though she is, like so many
Englishwomen a natural lover of dogs, & might in
other circumstances, have been a breeder of Sealyham,
new fate has reduced her to errands, supper; &
with at Jericho — any animal that keeps mud in.
Her mind, her life, are not like the students',
about half way up the body, but on the ground-
mind & feet. And as we go along, she's with
creaking & overtly that she rises to my
level; I sink & to hers. My level is at
two ~~feet above hers~~. At the moment sky high.
The November elm: the haze: the sky: the
bird; the general aspect of things; & the — the
whole feel, & again feel, & again feel.
~~Tell me what~~ And how are we to mingle the
Her wrinkle: my chops: her broken chair: my stubbed one.
Old ~~woman~~ The old woman has a

I saw humanity, not wholly on the current; but like a little
bit of stick caught up held, frustrated — She complained.

And then — to continue Friday the 13th — the match box opened &
all the matches ~~fel~~ spilt out. Out of a thousand
match boxes this one had been wrongly packed — the
so that when one opened it, label was on the wrong side;
so ~~that all~~ Now why was the label the wrong way
round? Because some girl dreaming of her lover —
that is the romantic version. Because a pain
shot through her left ~~toe~~ foot. Because, as she shut the
box with that mechanical movement she had
used already a thousand times correctly
~~all~~ humanity rose duly, the beautiful image of the
natural woman, the sturdy, the free, the wind blown,
she who should have breasted the gale on the
when one sees
moor, the lover, the careless, ~~the~~ she who
comes in the wind at night. She said
~~Here~~ am I. triumphant: & so the match box
filled, but in the box upside down. ~~But~~
But then it is quite possible ~~that~~ ~~he~~ — so
little. does anyone know how match boxes are
made, so regular & seemly & punctual &
stylised & made habitual & shrouded from
our eyes by all these veils, these coverings,
this pageant of ~~[illegible]~~ boxes. filled — I mean
for all I know, match boxes are filled by
machinery. Which of these ~~thoughts~~ reasons reflects
most credit upon me, the thinker? Which
And into what different worlds, had kept up ~~to~~ the air;
altogether each. opposed would lead: to the creation —
of what different schools of literature —

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Regent's Park

Go to ~~the~~ Zoo. If there is snobbery & ~~[illegible]~~ a sense of social values among animals, how humiliating it must be for the wild Mongolian horses, the Shetland ponies & the wart hogs to occupy those pens which can be seen for nothing ~~by the~~ from Regent's Park! The officials are not going to ~~present~~ give the public a sight of tigers or a lion; bears or ~~the~~ seals, for nothing. Then one would expect to find the inferiority complex rampant in Mongolian horses & Shetland ponies: We were seen gratis, they must forever be raging; & that explains doubtless the truculence of the Mongolian horse, who was kicking at his paling. He was merely ~~indulging~~ trying to right matters;— ~~And~~ ~~And~~ ~~Hence~~ ~~And~~, ~~from this~~ (~~but~~ how invariably ~~our~~ ~~anthropomorph~~ we ~~attribute~~ endow every object with our own feelings: for example, this is now the season for muffins & crumpets: crumpets far out number muffins: & to ~~[illegible]~~ I instantly take the side of the muffin: & to encourage it, always ask for muffins rather than crumpets, & ~~am~~ ~~pleased when I see muffins~~ never pass a baker's shop without instinctively looking to see how the battle is going; -feel am always on the side of the muffin)

Cheered if there are muffins, depressed if there are crumpets.

Two nuns, in ~~[illegible]~~ sculpturesque black robes, & robes that support the wasted figures ~~and~~

And this ~~common~~ habit of mine shared, and supposed by most people, proves the fallibility of

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biography. How could anyone know that the reason why
So & so was in a temper, was simply that he or she had
seen ~~none~~ only crumpets in the baker's window at the
corner?

~~Two~~ A nun in sculpturesque black robes — robes
that suggested the elongated & rain-washed statues
~~above on the~~ outside churches — looked at the
~~the bland horses~~ a the wild Mongolian horse.
She looked amicably, innocently, apologetically;
from her meek childlike face, with its weak smile;
& her golden crucifix gleamed on her breast; as
if she were at once ~~loving~~ liking that wild
Mongolian horse, childishly, & trying to exorcise its demon
with her crucifix; come & be pursued, she
seemed to say: & the horse kicked & kicked;
& she was fascinated by the horse (which she
could ill without robbing the poor of their dues) &
yet she was rather troubled by the sight; &
fascinated; drawn to it against her better
judgment; & anxious to win over wild
Mongolian horses to her own way of thinking:
which, as her obstinate calm, immovable,
smooth beyond face showed, is the only
right one. And yet the Mongolian horse
fascinated her.

NYPL

The police cars are always black or red. They shoot among ordinary traffic like sharks among innocent soles & plaice. ~~They make~~ makes us all a little uncomfortable. ~~We do not like police cars.~~

A night or two ago, a police car — it is odd how how guilty one feels in an ordinary car, when a police car comes by, like a sole or a plaice when a shark shoots past: & the colour, black or red, is sinister — a police car ~~gave chase to a~~ pursued two men ~~in~~ in another car, which they had stolen: chased it from Russell Square, across Tottenham Court Road, to ~~Portland Pla~~. Mortimer Street, where a van got stopped it; & the men jumped out. What is the state of mind of a policeman when he chases a criminal? ~~Is it~~ Does he feel ~~curiosity~~ How different a job from adding up customers' bar books for instance! ~~He~~ Does he feel the spirit of justice: does he feel, I am the Law? Does he feel, this is sport — those men are ~~m~~ wild boars, tigers.. ~~Does he feel~~ What does he feel?

And what does he say about it when he comes home, & undoes that very heavy tunic, unfastens his belt unlaces those very square boots? ~~He feels~~ What does he say to his wife? ~~Modern~~

In all modern fiction there is no account of this that convinces one that the writer knows.

NYPL

What then passed for a very good account — perhaps the best known to me of the way in which she conducted her affairs. Helpless as Joan, I always felt that she had only to be approached by ~~[illegible]~~ somebody who liked her to give a very good account of all the things that had been said & done in the interval — but this was disputed by all her friends, all the same.

NYPL

Yesterday, gazing about through the rich ~~red~~ yellow brown peeling warm light of St Bartholomews — there is always an elderly lady of culture stationed at the door of old churches, with a candle burning; & she does something with her hands, is surrounded with picture post cards & perhaps lavender bags, sold for the Restoration Fund — I saw on a tombstone the name of somebody called, perhaps, Thorpe who had been a hair merchant in the City of London & died in 1720. ~~Thinking of this~~ Standing there I marvelled to think that his actual body lay beneath my feet. I thought it incredible: marvellous; longed to see his skull: the actual skull of a man who died 200 years ago. Yet, for instance, there were thousands of living merchants, ~~whom~~ whose skulls were not in the least marvellous to see. Why does the passage of time effect this change? Superstition comes in? Awe? This is the origin of all our delight in seeing monuments of the dead.

NYPL

a very diminutive old woman – complete but miniature –
dressed in the uniform of a nurse – cap, ~~cloak~~ cape,
cloak – one asked merely ~~whether~~ how she could
function – was there some very small house, minute room,
tiny bed, child's cups & saucers ~~that she~~ & medicine
glasses no bigger than acorns that she handed about –
she ~~was perfectly formed~~ that is – had legs & arms –
head regularly proportioned. It must be ~~almost~~ a
as inconvenient to be born the wrong size – almost
as bad to be born with one ~~disproportionate~~ [illegible] foot,
say for golf or billiards: one's whole life would have to
conform to it. One would have to take houses by
golf courses, live within range of billiard tables – perhaps.
on their death bed, their champion cry. Would to God
I had been born like other people: as the miniature
Nurse in Holborn might say. ~~If only~~ I took If only I took Seven's in shoes:
looking in at the Shoe Shop.

NYPL

allotted the parts in correctly or no
But whether we have interpreted the dialogue between the
two Harveys correctly or not, it is certain that
the fact was that Harvey the

Then, whether we ~~are right or wrong~~, Harvey admonished
himself;

spent in the deepest silence. For 30 years he lived on
obscure, unknown, silent, carrying on some humble
humble duty at Saffron Walden as a doctor
at Saffron Walden, where he had ridden to seek his
fortunes so confidently in the great world. But
it is impossible to think of him as a dreamer & recluse.
~~Thus~~ Both Harveys, the active & the sedentary, shared a
common bent & bearing. Harvey was

~~Yet.~~ He was not

NYPL

The action of harpplayers arm: like something
something swaying under water: plucking:
gently alighting on a flower: breaking it off:
sensuously: rhythmically. with a
an irresistible gentle amorous,
finicking: plucking as of an
etherealised milking of a cow: as
pecking at a blossom: which
same action to the strings. loving
repeated, but languorous. amorous,
& with the swaying. beneath water
look as if ~~of~~ wave passing
rhythmically, over the harpstring
& just breaking. making them resound.
~~It~~ was like the buffeting of a tide against
some flower repeatedly. Also the
two arms – a mans & a woman –
were ~~not quite~~ always came rhythmically
apart; and they were swans necks,
& the hands were the heads of the
swans, gently pecking at some
white flower beneath the water,
on which the swans rode,
swaying up & down.